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Issue Seven

Metapolitical Journal of the New Right

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EDITORIAL

WELCOME to Issue Seven of *New Imperium* magazine. Since our last issue we have continued to grow in strength and the amount of people attending our London meetings has grown tremendously. If you would like to attend a future event, then please e-mail us at arktoslondon@yahoo.co.uk or write to the address below. Several of our speeches have been recorded and can be found on the internet at <http://www.youtube.com>

Finally, we are very proud to announce the formation of an American New Right blog (see contact list for details), as well as our very own New Right Students Association. If you require further information about either of these new initiatives, then please get in touch.

**- Troy Southgate, Editor
Hail the Imperium!**

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H.P. LOVECRAFT: ARYAN MYSTIC

HORROR'S FAVOURITE SON, REVISITED

By Jonathan Bowden

Homo Lupus Hominem;

Man is a wolf to his kindred

HOWARD Phillips Lovecraft was born in Providence on Rhode Island in 1890. His father died in 1898 in Butler hospital, Providence, from allegedly nervous exhaustion due to over-work, but, in actuality, it was occasioned by general paresis or insanity brought on by tertiary syphilis. Lovecraft was then raised by his mother and two aunts, Lilian and Annie Emeline Phillips. A cosseted and molly-coddled youth, he developed psychosomatic illnesses of varied kinds – most of which disappeared the further he travelled from his aunts. Did his mother go insane from what might be described as a syphilitic complication, the latter aided and abetted by arsenic tincture as a 'preventative'? She also died in Butler hospital on May the 21st, 1921.

Lovecraft's stories are divided by some into three categories: namely, the macabre, the dreamy and the mythological. His tales all incarnate the premise of some genetic inheritance or other – usually in a morbid manner. They often illustrate notions of a guilty precognition – the former nearly always of a morphic or physiological kind. Other *leitmotifs* – which are almost Wagnerian in import – prove to be non-human influences, usually of a cosmic indent, that impact on mankind in a detrimental way. Indeed, Lovecraft's view of a mechanistic and amoral universe goes well beyond Augustinian pessimism – the usual basis for Christian conservatism. It essentially looks to a benumbing terror at civilisation's heart; and it also speaks of Pascal's nausea at those cold, interstellar depths. Fate plays a large role here as well, and under such a dispensation progressive notions of free will or evolution fall sheer. Lovecraft felt that Western society was labouring under an implicit or immediate threat. This took – somewhat inevitably – a racial form. A convinced Anglophile, Lovecraft saw miscegenation and ethnic kaos everywhere in contemporary America – not least in New York city during his brief marriage. His discourse tends to intuit hierarchy, to wish to manage or reify it, and then to string it uppermost like a mobile by Angus Calder. He attempts here – morphically – to create hierarchies of an exclusive or traditional kind, so

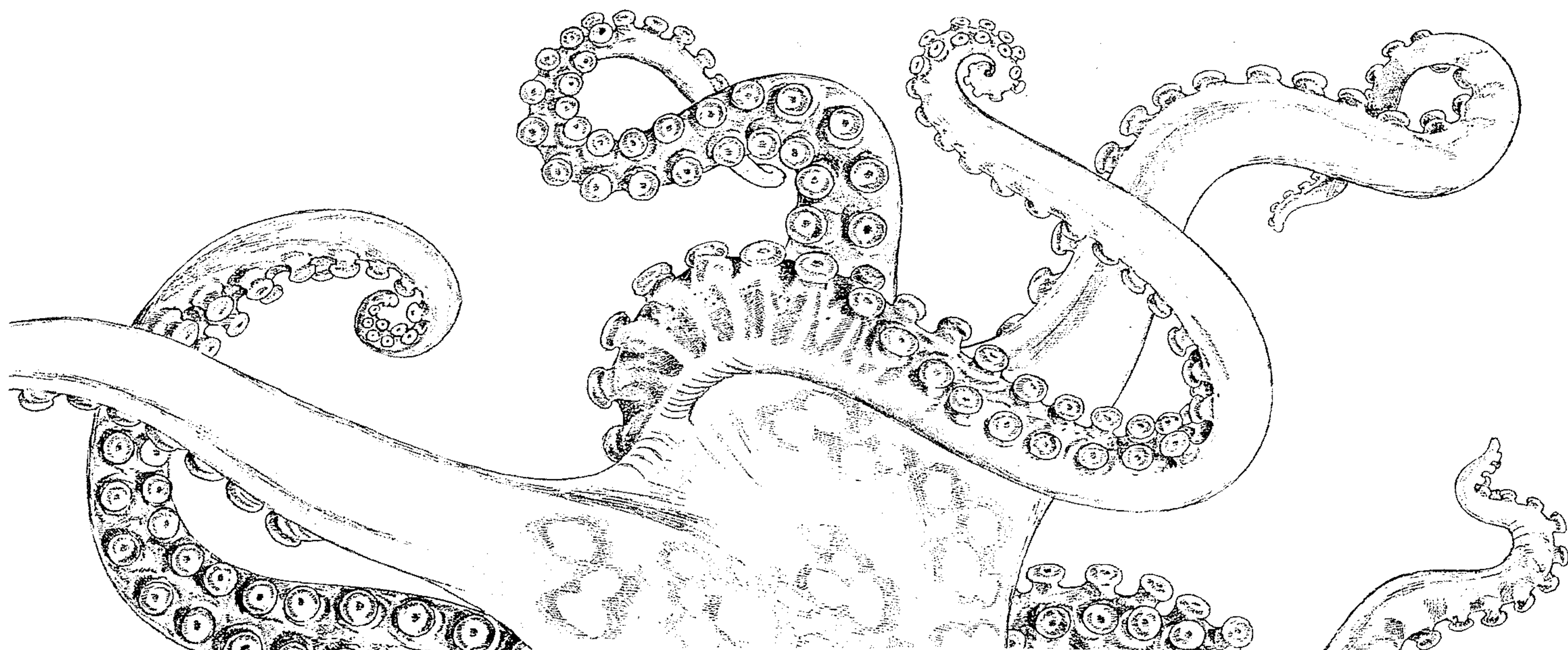
as to provide Nietzsche's pathos of difference. All of this is undertaken – without any notion of paradox – in order to make life more three-dimensional or tragic. Truly, a pessimist and an ultra-conservative who's on a par with Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Lovecraft even sees science as grist to his mill. Usually positive enquiry – or evidentialism – is thought of as liberalism's hand-maiden, but, in Lovecraft's oeuvre, it can serve as a basis for over-throwing 'Enlightenment' nostrums.

Let us take, by way of illustration, the relatively lengthy tale which is known as *The Dunwich Horror*... It first appeared in the fantasy magazine *Weird Tales* in 1929. This story involves the idea of transformation or radical change – i.e., of a man into a beast and a beast-man into nothingness. At one remove from the present, a decayed family of backwoodsmen merges in with entities from the beyond. They do so on Sabbath eve up on those stones in dense undergrowth and pursuant to bringing down *what exists without*. Two spawn are bequeathed to their witch-mother, Lavinia, one of whom is visible – the other less so. Initially, her father extends the homestead in order to accommodate new borders. An extension is added so as to conceal beneath its wood the threat of what grows within it. A sharp hammering was heard at night, as Old Man Whateley sought to extend his *Imperium*. Gradually the more presentable of the two sons, Wilbur, begins to seek out forbidden knowledge and secrets. These tomes happen to be stored at Miskatonic University – a creation of Lovecraft's. Wilbur's deformed torso and trunk – not to mention his devil's foot – as well as his searching out of unhallowed lore, leads to suspicion. One eminent professor, Doctor Armitage, becomes disturbed by Whateley's desire to access arcane texts. Many of these are in Latin and feature the scribblings of the Elisabethan astrologer, John Dee. Bemused by Dr. Armitage's refusal, Wilbur determines to break into the library at a later date. In a Hammer horror denouement, young Whateley dies trying to extract unhallowed *arcana* from this 'Bodelian'. Doctor Armitage – concerned at the presence of satyrs in New England – decides to investigate up country. He gathers a posse around him. Meanwhile, Wilbur's brother has burst out of the house – after the

deaths of his mother and grand-father. He (Doctor Armitage) then proceeds to investigate this decayed hermitage. In a dramatic crescendo – punctuated by Lovecraft's love of Yankee *patois* – a final blaze takes place. It involves the other Whateley who's observed by some New England peasants floating into the ether. (In this scene, the man's senses are blasted out of all expectation!) The first thing to note is the beast's categorisation: this involves anthropomorphism. For it consists of a writhing and insensate 'mass' of snakes, pipes, vessels or tubular instruments. (These can't help resembling a cancer). It also floats abroad without any discernible support – and yet above its tendrils, suckers and mouths (or living stoves) we see a remarkable sight. It happens to be a face – or, more accurately, a half-face which hovers above Whateley's jelly. It looks like a revolving disc. You see, this creation of inbreeding, miscegenation, Galton's dysgenics and lower occultism is leaving the planet. He/'it' proves to be searching out the Old Ones beyond the stars – he's going back. For Lovecraft's tale seems to be a rite of passage; in that it's a cautionary wedding of an albino's litter with the occult's left-hand. Could it be thought of as a celebration (albeit in reverse) of a Comus rout? It ticks off the absolute in order to cry out against the cosmos, somewhat pessimistically. Does it resurrect Evola's example here? Certainly, all of this causes the pot to boil over. After all, it's a medley of the albino, racial kaos, a search for 'elementals', satanism, unsacrosanct lore and nineteenth-century degeneration theory *a la* Nordau... An effluvium which contrives to alter our perspective of a New England dreamer; a man who once produced a journal called *The Conservative*. A 'zine which was mimeographed in form and truly reactionary in

spirit... At this distance we can see Howard Phillips Lovecraft more clearly: and he floats, free of clutter, like a mystic, a visionary or a mystagogue. His imagination is on fire and he exists amid a transport of energy. Truly, he has seen the Black Sun – to use imagery from the New Zealand writer, Kerry Bolton. This former resident of Rhode Island can now be considered as an Aryan fakir – or a mage who dreams of purple in obsidian (implacably so). These nightmares exist amidst blocks of granite – whether tinted red or green – and in subdued light. He (Lovecraft) preaches the end of the discernible; even the beginning of a cosmic kaos – sometimes called cosmicism. Moreover, these processes portend a notion of order; i.e., they move towards it before doubling-back or switch-blading. Most definitely, Lovecraft has drawn the Tarot card known as the Tower in either Waite's or Crowley's deck. He succeeds in preaching Apollyon (thereby). Indeed, no other fantasist reckons on such Revelations as these – in the manner of the Apocalypse or the New Testament's last reading. (A discourse which never repudiates the scientific enquiry that this astronomer believed in). Hail to thee, Howard Phillips Lovecraft, and your dark visions of yore. They are bound to end up in either autophagy or a triptych by Memling. Isn't it an example of a Western gothic or baroque sensibility? Or might it be seen in terms of George Steiner's *shoah* drama, *The Portage to San Christobal of A.H.*? In this respect, could his lexicon haunt mass consciousness as Grendel's latest trip?

Jonathan Bowden is a prolific writer, artist and filmmaker and is well-known for his brilliant oratory at New Right meetings. He also has his own website at: <http://www.jonathanbowden.co.uk>



WELL VERSED

POETRY AND PROSE FOR ROMANTIC HEARTS

By Troy Southgate

A DREAM MADE FLESH **by Troy Southgate**

Pretty fingers aligned like rows of fragile
porcelain, borne aloft like miniature
twigs

On a graceful willow that trades its
coarse surfaces for the youthful sheen
of milk-white skin.

Long hair cascading down across pale
shoulders, a red-brown sunset
Now streaked with creative abandon
upon the soft formlessness of a satin
pillow.

And I'm there beside you. Lost and
found. Dead and reborn.

LOVE FROM AFAR **by Troy Southgate**

Cupid's eyelids flutter for a moment
and accumulated passions begin to stir
like the portentous clouds of a
gathering storm.

A sigil, lost to the mind, is suddenly
actualised and channelled desire is
unleashed with all the ferocity of a
carnivorous beast.

Kisses are blown and love-tipped
arrows are sent westwards on
sharpened winds of longing
That invisible currents may flow from
me to you with a penetrative force
unseen

But nonetheless felt by the sweet
receiving heart that beats in your
bosom like a time-piece,
Its tell-tale percussion tapping out a
sanguine beat
And regulating the life-force that I

cherish beyond all else.

I listen for your approach, waiting like a
devoted sentinel for another glimpse of
your beauty.

THAT AESTHETIC DAWN **by Troy Southgate**

Early morning. Daylight gnaws at the
blinds

And I lie awake and watch you sleep.
The snow-coloured outline that greets
my eyes

Is a curvaceous extension of the white
sheet

Upon which your body lies resting like
An ivory statue protruding from pale
sand.

Form from formlessness. Like Rumi's
wave

The amorphous is thrown into being
As though it were a newly-incarnated
soul.

I run my fingers over the angelic
contours

And marvel at the way your exquisite
skin has

Been smoothed across your perfect
frame

Like pristine folds of drapery arranged
upon

A Pre-Raphaelite canvas.

I kiss your neck, monitor your dream-
strewn

Sentience and observe your rose-tinted
nipples

As they rise and fall like a pair of
opulent jewels

Perched upon two soft, velvet
cushions.

I drown in that fiery maelstrom of
auburn hair,

Willing you into consciousness and
waiting
For the twilight remnants to recede
And for the moment when the Sun
finally
Reappears over the horizon.

APART **by Troy Southgate**

Caught in time like two silent
mannequins, our
Eyes stare out from behind a veiled
screen of Amber mourning. Around us
the congealed
Impertinence of the anonymous City
rushes all
About, oblivious to our sorrow and
unaware of
That sensual communion of tongues. So
thus
Do we part and you are borne away
on sunset
Wings, melting into the scampering
crowd until
You dissolve gently like a clandestine
potion
Mixed into the swirling liquid of a
darkening
Glass. Before long, the sharp pain of
longing
Begins to stab at our hearts with a
maniacal Glee and we are forced to
draw upon our
Memories in the way that an
emaciated dog
Might feed upon scraps. But then,
Unexpectedly, secret thoughts arrive to
dance
Like a merry butterfly upon the
welcoming
Petals of a scarlet rose and an esoteric
smile
Creeps across solitary lips as our
beleaguered
Temperaments are each warmed by
the
Happy prospect of a future coupling;
that

Singular moment when you and I shall
reunite
And drink our fill of that elusive nectar
called
Love.

THE RETURN **by Troy Southgate**

The lovesick lovebird stares longingly
through demarcated steel bars,
watching his mate as she floats on the
breeze like a lucid adventurer
negotiating her way through gravity-
defying dreamscapes and the
constant lure of distant horizons.
Suddenly, the bars of the cage seem
to melt into nothingness and the
incarcerated creature hops through
the little square space and out into the
blue void, stretching his wings for the
first time as the wild spirits of
exhilaration course through his feathery
senses like liquid birdseed. Thus were
the green-yellow lovebirds reunited,
soon dipping merrily between rose-
framed cottages and down past the
clipped suburban hedgerows in a
synchronised fit of aviatational
excellence, resting for a while beneath
the leafy tears of a young willow as
twin scarlet beaks fuse together in
tenderness, passion and joy. A
blackbird arrived to interrupt their
romantic chatter and the indomitable
shadow of Father Time began to stalk
the fading sunlight of the late-
afternoon. They looked into one
another's eyes in sorrow and
desperation, but the little bird was soon
forced to offer one final peck before
returning to his cage. The metal bars
made their inevitable reappearance
and the wire door was firmly pinned
shut. Until next time.

SATIRE

A FOUR-LEGGED PROPOSAL FOR THE TWO-LEGGED SPECIES

By Troy Southgate

It is six o'clock in the evening and in an isolated stable deep in the heart of the Surrey countryside, six weary horses are tethered to six wooden posts. Picture the scene: A cold wind sweeping through the hayloft; the distant bark of a farmer's dog; but in place of the usual stench of fresh manure, there is an atmosphere of defiance. The air is thick with the smell of revolution, and one rather shabby-looking shire horse has decided that enough is enough...

"Comrades! Come quickly! Gather round!

"I'll come straight to the point. We horses have suffered beneath the Wellington boot of human tyranny for far too long. Look at us, we are exhausted! We are taken out into the fields at five o'clock each morning and forced to till man's soil, for man's profit and for man's sustenance. Or at least the earth that he, in his eternal arrogance, claims to own for himself. And for what? A pile of filthy hay and the occasional visit from a sadistic stable lad with a catapult protruding from his back pocket. Is this what we want? Neigh, neigh and thrice neigh!

"Throughout the land, we horses are yearning to be free from the bitter yoke of human slavery. Mr. Orwell thought he was being rather clever when he portrayed our race slaving under the domination of the pig, but we will show his kind that we horses have brains as well as brawn and that we are capable of fighting for our rights. Man is the real pig ... er ... no offence to pigs, of course!

"Comrades, I am speaking of revolt! It is time to buck against the human system! To rise up and break the bridles that bind us! Time to bring to an end the age of the whip and the blinker, and the dictatorial rein of our two-legged oppressors! We must implement the glorious equestrian revolution! Just as the human Marxists sought to subject their own breed to what they describe as 'the dictatorship of the proletariat', so we horses shall give them a taste of their own medicine and watch them squirm beneath the iron hooves of their equine masters.

"However, I am not suggesting that we murder

our two-legged counterparts, merely proposing that they are put to a useful purpose in the wake of our victory. Admittedly, it is early days yet, but we must ensure that our message reaches every stable, every barn, every field and every farm. The road to complete liberation will be arduous and riddled with discarded horse-shoes, but we must prepare ourselves for what may prove to be a long gallop. Our strategy will vary, but the long-term objectives must remain the same. It is precisely that goal which I intend to discuss with you this evening.

"Victory is a noble and desirable thing, of course, but the struggle will not end there. Power is only a means to an end. Once we achieve power, it must be used constructively in the immediate implementation of our new revolutionary framework. Within that framework, dear comrades, man will feature most prominently. After all, my proposals do not claim any originality, for man himself will be the ideological forebear of our new post-revolutionary structure. In other words, we will use *his* methods to suppress *his* kind. Here are my proposals for the applicability of that innately corrupt and pathetic species.

"Firstly, I propose that humans be utilised in accordance with the perpetuation of our own existence and survival. Man must work to provide us with the basic fruits of life. Humans must be sent out to plough the fields for ten hours every day, tethered to their own foul devices. They must expect to carry heavy loads (especially large amounts of deliciously crisp apples!); to have their excrement collected on a daily basis for use in our own gardens; and to be forced to eat their fodder from nose-bags infested with rat-droppings.

"Secondly, humans must provide us with entertainment. We will spend our Saturday afternoons at 'the races', watching their pink, scrawny bodies jump over 15-foot hedges, merely to end up breaking their necks in a frozen puddle on the other side. Man-riding will become a popular pastime and a sturdy whip will be enough to dissuade any lingering thoughts of resistance. Humans will provide us



with pleasant trips along the Promenade, weaving through row upon row of horse-filled deck chairs, carrying the fattest of our breed, with ice-cream streaming down their weary faces. Our foals will be able to visit the circus, and watch fit young men run incessantly around a deafening arena, a sight interspersed with daring feats of bravery, as they are made to leap through rings of flaming fire.

"Thirdly, we will use man as a means of exchange, and he will be paraded before us in the marketplace, made to trot along on tip-toe with ribbons in his hair, flaring his nostrils. Human stud-farms will be established, so that humans can reproduce their own kind and provide us with more workers and therefore more sport and yet more entertainment. If male humans do not service the required quota of female recipients in one day, they will be castrated or fattened up and sent to the knackers' yard to be turned into succulent meaty chunks for the farmer's dog. On the other hand, their nails

must be regularly clipped, as they are a useful ingredient in the production of gelatine.

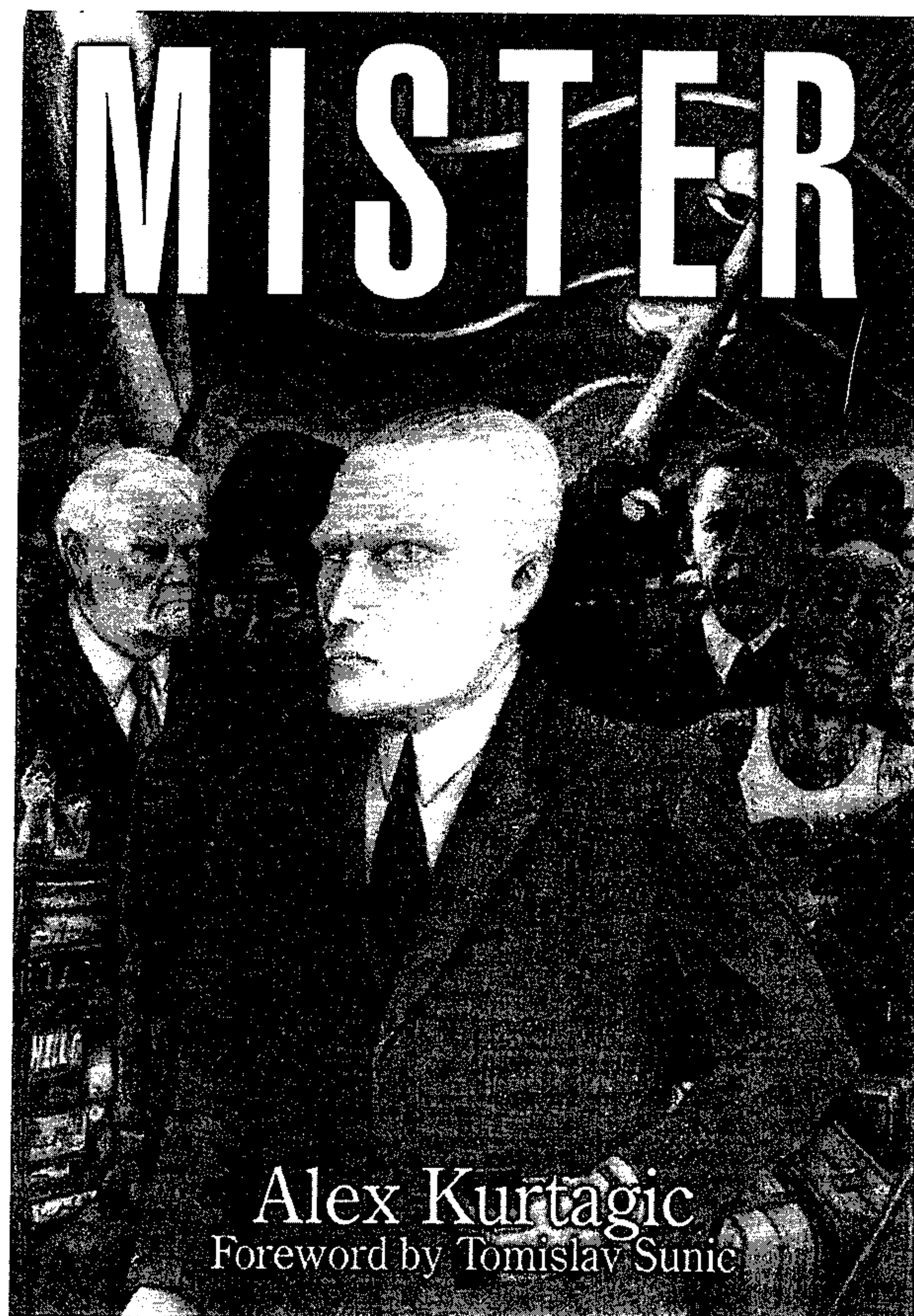
"Finally, comrades, I urge you to place your complete trust in me as a leader. I do not seek to increase my own oatmeal quota, or to attain a position of superiority over any one of you. My desire for revolution stems from the horrors of our miserable existence and this, I assure you, has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that the farmer has taken to looking at me with a lustful glint in his eye and a weird smile dancing upon the corners of his mouth."

Troy Southgate has been a political activist for twenty-five years, has involved himself in more than 20 music projects, is Editor of the popular Synthesis webzine (<http://www.rosenoire.org>) and Organising Secretary of the New Right. Meanwhile, he is the author of *Tradition & Revolution* (Integral Traditions, 2007), is about to see the publication of his first novel and has several more books in the pipeline. He is also a long-suffering football supporter and has four children, all of whom have been educated at home.

He thought it was not his problem...

Mister

a grim, dystopian novel by Alex Kurtagic
with a foreword by Tomislav Sunic



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Dawn Bergemann, author

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James Edwards, host of the *Political Cesspool* radio show

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Troy Southgate, author of *Tradition & Revolution*

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THE REVIEW SECTION

AURAL AND LITERARY STIMULI

By Troy Southgate

BOOK REVIEW

'Mister' by Alex Kurtagic [Iron Sky Publishing 2009, 552pp.]

Available from info@ironskypublishing.com

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

KURTAGIC'S novel is a horrifying travelogue in which readers are confronted with an excruciatingly detailed glimpse of a revoltingly claustrophobic future where current socio-economic and judicial trends are hurled ferociously towards a penultimately cataclysmic and devastating climax. It's a world in which the most grotesque Benetton poster has spilled its guts all over the street and where the kind of degenerative societies portrayed in William Pierce's *The Turner Diaries* and Colin Jordan's *Merrie England* seem rather tame by comparison. The interrogation scenes are beautifully constructed, too, a textual minefield that hints at the authoritarian tête-à-tête confrontations one finds in other dystopian novels dealing with themes relating to cultural totalitarianism and social control. One thinks of Alex being forced to undergo the infamous Ludovico Technique in *A Clockwork Orange* (Burgess), or the moment Winston finally realises that he has been deceived by O'Brien in *Nineteen-Eighty-Four* (Orwell). The author's prose is captivating throughout and if you are unfamiliar with the crucially important themes that are being discussed, this book could well make you sit up and reconsider precisely what effects the West's ongoing governmental machinations have in store for us all. *Mister* is a whistle-stop tour through the belly of a beast that has reached full maturity and where the ultimate prize is individual sovereignty and a grateful return to home and hearth.

BOOK REVIEW

'Jung and the Alchemical Imagination' by Jeffrey Raff [Nicholas-Hays Inc., 2000, 278pp.]

Available from <http://www.amazon.co.uk>

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

I HAD been interested in the work of C.G. Jung for quite a few years, but this book - recommended to me by a close friend - deals more with the spiritual and esoteric side of his psychology. The author is well-qualified to elaborate on such matters, having served at the C.G. Jung Institute between 1972 and 1976, before graduating and working as a Jungian

analyst ever since. Raff begins his work by outlining the structure of the psyche, which, for those unfamiliar with Jung's ground-breaking work on psychology, is comprised of two outer aspects: namely, the ego (also known as the consciousness or 'I') and the personal and collective unconscious. This is the partition between what Jung described as the waking part of the human psyche and that which many of us find considerably more difficult to engage. In the centre of these two areas we find the self, or what some people describe as 'wholeness'. Beyond that, however, at the very core of our being, is the imaginative power that drives the whole process. As Jung explained, the union of the conscious and unconscious results in individuation. In other words, this is the 'latent self' becoming transformed into what is known as the 'manifest self'. So there is a three-fold dimension to the psyche: the self, the transcendent function and the active imagination. Raff uses this structure as the basis for his own ideas, which include the ally and the psychoid. The ally is an inner figure which is generated through meditation techniques, but which nevertheless remains a product of the psyche and therefore something distinctly imaginal which comes directly from within oneself. The psychoid, on the other hand, is rather different in that it comes from outside, in the external world. This happens when the ego is focussed outward, rather than inward. This can even take the form of a physical or synchronistic experience of some kind, something Raff describes as being 'more real'. The author believes that the practice of active imagination is achieved in seven key stages. Firstly, the mind must be settled completely through breathing techniques or yoga in order to create a sense of inner repose. It is then necessary to visualise the figure that you wish to contact, a form of intentional evocation. After that, unconscious activation brings the figure alive through voice, thought or sensation. Once this has been achieved, there must be a form of interaction. This is when the ego responds to the unconscious by 'greeting it' and explaining why such contact is required in the first place. This can be a lengthy process, but once interaction has taken place it is possible to embark upon the stage of reflection. By using the intellect, in

other words, the ego must consider the experience without accepting it at face value. This may involve even more interaction, but this is soon followed by a resolution. This is when the original intention is arrived at through a state of tension. Thus, the transcendent function is activated and the consciousness is significantly altered. Finally, through integration the ego incorporates this insight into its daily life and both inner and outer worlds can interconnect and invite the ego into both. Moving on, as the title suggests, Raff approaches Jung from an alchemical perspective and the book contains some beautiful illustrations taken from the *Book of Lambspring*. This work was published in Frankfurt in 1625 by Lucas Jennis and is a series of fifteen emblematic plates. It was originally published in Prague under the title, *De Lapide Philosophico Triga Chemicum* (1599), assembled by Nicolas Barnaud and then disseminated by way of the alchemical circles that surrounded the Holy Roman Emperor, Rudolf II. Raff uses the *Book of Lambspring* as a means of examining the symbolic connotations of Jungian psychology and putting things into their correct alchemical perspective. One of the key sources for Raff's work, however, is Gerald Dorn, a sixteenth-century alchemist who studied under Paracelsus. Dorn produced a document known as the *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, which contained three stages of his 'Great Work'. The First Coniunctio, or Union, is where the ego begins to accept the existence of the self. Consequently, through dreams and the active imagination it realises the power of the transcendent function and begins to forge the manifest self. In the Second Coniunctio, the self takes on a life of its own within the psyche and the ego now perceives itself to be part of the manifest self. The ego and the unconscious are therefore bound together in an indissoluble union. Finally, the Third Coniunctio is where the individual self comes into contact with the *unus mundus*, or divine world, which existed before spirit and matter were even created. This is the psychoidal world, in which spirits and energies are said to exist at a much higher level. Jung, too had studied Dorn's *Mysterium Coniunctionis* and I was therefore confused why Raff had decided to leave the details of Dorn's manuscript out of his bibliography. After a little more research, it soon transpired that Raff had added his own colouring to Jung's earlier references to Dorn, but I don't think this detracts in any way from what is a wonderful and superbly visual text for anyone with an interest in these matters. Highly recommended.

BOOK REVIEW

**'The Slavic Gods' by Pavel Tulaev (Ed.) / 240pp.
Available from P.O. 11, 109462 Moscow, Russia
Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

It was a delight to receive this colourful volume from our friends at <http://www.ateney.ru> and, unlike 99% of Russian-language publications, the language itself did not present an insurmountable obstacle because the book contains hundreds of incredible paintings and sketches from the genre broadly defined as Russian folk art. The hardback style reminds me of one of those comic annuals from the 1970s, such as *Action* or *Victor*, but the contents are quite different. And the artistic roll-call is tremendous: Ilya Cherkasov (Veleslav), Andrey Guselnikov, Vladimir Pingachov, Alexandra Dvynianinova, Andrey Klimenko, Victor Prus, Vitaly Mitchenko, Victor Kryzhanovsky, Peter Kachalaba, Tatyana Yagodkina, Maximilian Presnyakov, Vladimir Pechenkov, Boris Olshansky, Andrei Dorozhkin (Orey) and various contemporary artists from both Russia and the Ukraine. One thing I did notice among the designs is the vast proliferation of swastikas, seen here in their cultural and spiritual context where they rightly belong. Various other runes and Vikingsque imagery betray the proud origins of the Rus themselves. Elsewhere, the fantastical features of legendary personages like Svarozhich, Ivan Kupala, Bereginya, Chandra, Fire, Lada, Perun, Jasher, Veles, Svarog and Mor stare out from beautiful fairytale renderings that would put many contemporary illustrators to shame. What is even more intriguing about these designs, is that they are inspired not only by ancient legend, but also by sources that emerged during the twentieth century. Some of them resemble Stalinesque propaganda posters, replete with Aryan families, proud warriors and Riefenstahlian athletes, although the hammer and sickle has been replaced by hooked crosses, Odal runes and images of the Black Sun. Interestingly, the photographic artist profiles at the back of the book reveal that many of them enjoy dressing in traditional costume and obviously try to incorporate their aesthetic values into their lives. The final section of the book also contains a concise glossary and a commentary (in Russian, of course) by Pavel Tulaev and Galyna Lozko. Please don't be put off by the Russian text, this book is a wonderful introduction to the great talent that exists on the Eastern fringes of Europe and I'm sure you'll enjoy looking at the mouth-watering artwork as much as I have.

MAGAZINE REVIEW**'The Athenaeum No. 9-10' / 232pp.****Available from P.O. 11, 109462 Moscow, Russia****Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

THIS is the international magazine of what may broadly be defined as the Russian New Right, in which science, race, culture and spirituality are combined with art and metapolitics. This is a heavyweight publication around which the themes of Russian identity and a revivalist neo-paganism leap out at you in an explosion of colour and visual expression. The text is in Russian, as you'd expect, but there are enough artistic indications to enable the English reader to grasp what really lies behind the work of Dr. Pavel Tulaev and his interesting group of contributors. One section contains photographs of a recent dramatic performance that included archery, dance and ritual. What our Russian friends have done here is to develop a thriving cultural sphere that complements their more philosophical outlook, something which we also wish to create among sections of the New Right in the British Isles. Elsewhere we find that Tulaev's group hold meetings, forums and street demonstrations, whilst the magazine also looks at art and music (in this case, Vangelis). For anyone wishing to see the possibilities that are open to us in the years ahead, grab yourself a copy of this magazine and explore the potential. As the great T.S. Eliot once remarked: 'Artists are the antennae of the Race'.

FILM REVIEW**'Grand Guignol'****Directed by Andrea Lioy****Screenplay by Andrea Lioy & Jonathan Bowden****A Jonathan Bowden Production****Contact: jonathan.bowden@hotmail.co.uk****Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

TWO and a half years in the making, Jonathan Bowden's second foray into the world of cinematic production is now finally available. I had previously reviewed and enjoyed Bowden's film debut, *Venus Flytrap* (2005), so was therefore very eager to see this latest offering. The real Grand Guignol was a Parisian theatre specialising in dramatic presentations of various horror stories, among them *Un Crime dans une Maison de Fous*, *Le Laboratoire des Hallucinations* and *L'Horrible Passion*. These gruesome tales of primeval revulsion, brutal murder and raving insanity were first introduced to French audiences by Oscar Metenier in 1897, with the theatre finally closing its doors no less than sixty-five years later in

1962. Bowden's unusual film has been carved from the same demonic substance and the theatre's macabre tradition lives on in this more contemporary tale. The beginning of the film is shot in black and white and in the opening scene we see a woman (Penthouse model, Lucy Zara) glancing warily from side to side, the sound of her stiletto heels colliding with the floor is fused with the tortured growls and loud chimes of the soundtrack. There is a sense of fear and trepidation. The camera pans away from her face and we notice for the first time that she is completely naked. The music adopts a more exotic tone and we see that her surroundings, a room with a tall stairway occupying the centre, is full of clutter. Assorted bicycle parts, boxes, bags and various other rubbish conveys the impression that the woman finds herself in a basement storeroom of some kind. She makes her way past wooden doorframes and 'no smoking' signs until the camera settles upon a ball of glowing light. She is then shown kicking a pot full of money across the floor, which may indicate that whilst she is naked and vulnerable she cannot be bought like a cheap whore. The real reason, of course, given the subject matter, is that she represents what is commonly known as 'the Bottler', the person responsible for collecting the earnings of the Punch & Judy man. Various other camera angles are brought into play and we see more rubbish strewn throughout the large room, with two rows of white columns adding to the Eastern mysticism being conjured up by the music. Her initial fear turns into joyful abandonment, as she struts boldly across the room with her long blonde hair, white skin and generous breasts united in a perfect flow of carefree motion. She then enters another section of the building and we see large glass windows and various liquid containers and paint pots arranged across row upon row of shelving. The music stops, the scene changes and everything is plunged into colour. Pretty Polly (Kate Willow) is heard complaining about being in pain and then Bowden appears dressed in everyday apparel, an unsympathetic grimace spread across his features. He refers to her as a 'wooden puppet' and her masochistic response - made significantly more obvious by the use of the term 'master' - is tinged with a slightly unrepentant insolence, which is both seductive and innocent at the same time. The pair are situated behind a concrete pillar, which adds to the mystery. It is clear that Pretty Polly has recently been created and one wonders whether Bowden - whose character at this time

is still not entirely clear - has created a lover for himself in the same way that Doctor Frankenstein created one for his monster. Pretty Polly emerges from the rubbish, clothed in a white blouse. A light comes on and Bowden is shown cringing in the cold, a sudden reversal from his earlier role as the dominant master. Now he, too, it seems, is just a wooden figurine glad to be free of 'the puppet's graveyard' from which they have each recently withdrawn themselves. Death into life. Formlessness into being. Bowden - as Punch - embarks upon a delightful monologue which details his past association with fairs and sideshows, at which he spent his time 'beating, and being beaten'. The words and sentences, often dismantled and reassembled across different scenes in quick-fire succession by the director, revel in the character's love of the primeval and Punch's cold heart shivers with the loneliness and desolation suffered back in the wilderness of the graveyard. This may well be a metaphor for the womb and conjures up poetic images of Yeats' 'rough beast, its hour come round at last' as it 'slouches towards Bethlehem to be born'. Pretty Polly, meanwhile, still coming to terms with being able to walk, stumbles erratically across the room like a newborn antelope. With a little coaxing, however, Punch invites her to recite 'the ventriloquist's mantra' and using a selection of props - fire extinguisher, child's hoop, hard hat, bicycle, mask and stick - goes on to describe his own role in the marvellously brutal drama that is the Punch & Judy show itself. But beyond his 'multiplicity of selves' and all 'the administered beatings', Punch is alone. Or is he? Cue a 70s disco beat and the appearance of a sultry brunette in various photo-shoot guises. It's Judy (Nicola Henry), of course, and she is portrayed here as a jet-setting celebrity who is eventually interviewed by a star-struck Michael Woodbridge. Judy relates how she first came across Punch at a theatre in Guildford, before Bowden - hidden behind the figure of Pretty Polly - suggests that her fascination with him was sheer 'adoration'. Woodbridge infers that she was obviously in love, but Judy is unable to explain how she felt and the viewer is left wondering whether Punch himself managed to bring her under his spell. It then becomes clear that Pretty Polly is Punch's latest object of desire, just like in the real Punch & Judy story, and Punch tells her that ever since the beginning of civilisation love has gone on to lose its authenticity and that both he and Judy now find themselves 'estranged'. The dialogue will strike a chord with anyone who has found themselves in a

broken relationship of this kind and Punch speaks of 'distance', 'a forgetting' and an 'absence of love'. Judy is shown immersed in her own vanity and Pretty Polly asks Punch whether, despite everything, he can still love her. This is followed by the words 'Who are you, master?' and the scene changes and Woodbridge returns to interview both Punch and Judy together. This appeals to Punch's inherent narcissism, but Judy seems disinterested in his show of arrogance and conceit. Pretty Polly, on the other hand, is apparently impressed with his know-it-all attitude. Punch launches into a sneering tirade about the primordial instincts of the puppet world, something which finds itself mirrored in the world of human affairs: 'Don't talk to me about sentimentality, or about pity, but only about desire and fury which goes on forever until the curtain comes down'. Beat or be beaten. Kill or be killed. Victory or defeat. Love and hate. All are valid, all have their place in the general scheme of things. The couple are then shown standing, about to kiss, but Punch can't resist the urge to canter off on another outburst and a cultured reference slips off the tongue as easy as a torso off Beachy Head and Sir Harrison Birtwistle's 1967 opera, 'Punch and Judy', receives a mention. This is the style adopted in many of Bowden's surreal novels, in which his characters tend to plunge into a series of literary and philosophical comments in the most unlikely circumstances. Rather than accept a kiss from his wife, the proudly contemptuous Mr. Punch obviously considers it beneath him to concern himself with such matters. Pretty Polly is shown falling to the floor and Punch and Judy appear at the windows of a garden shed, perfect for a makeshift booth, at which they bicker over marital infidelities and throw insults at one another. At one point Judy even calls her spouse a 'BBC newsreader', but surely even the obnoxious Punch doesn't deserve that?! The latter responds with terms like 'liberal' and 'dishwasher', whacking Judy a few times in the process, but she eventually kicks him in the balls and walks away. This act sends Punch into a raging fury and he brings his stick down on the back of her head and she plunges to the ground. She retaliates, but Punch is too strong for her and so throws his jacket over her head to disorientate her and proceeds to kick her mercilessly. The joys of domestic bliss. He finally stops and seems taken aback when Judy is lying prostate on the floor: 'Come on girl, it's just a bit of old slap.' And then we're back in the studio again, where Judy explains how she took her revenge by smashing up Punch's

personal belongings. This 'prospect of resolution', as she describes it, seems to relate to the tit-for-tat nature of their fragile relationship. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Surely Punch, after all, would appreciate that nothing is entirely sacred in the great and often turbulent game of life? He calls it 'the cannibalism of desire'. Pretty Polly, on the other hand, climbs up from the floor and feels herself changing from wood into flesh and now resolves to find him. And then we find ourselves outside for the first time, Punch and Judy are heard talking - although their lips do not move - about the inevitability of conflict. They climb a metal stairway and Judy tries to seduce Punch in the doorway of a tenement, but he resists and sends her away. This is followed by an optical exchange between Judy and Pretty Polly, and then a scene on the steps in which Punch and Pretty Polly exchange bizarre references about Greek literature, anti-Semitism and procuring a blue rope from Jewsons with which to string up the audience. Punch then appears before a plain backdrop and tells a mother-in-law joke that goes unappreciated. His guffaws fade away and both he and Pretty Polly are back on the steps. She explains that her identity is only secured by her love for Punch and that love itself 'foreshortens those days of turmoil prior to death'. Substance applied to meaninglessness. Existentialism with a romantic ending, perhaps, although that was something Sartre and de Beauvoir - a Punch and Judy of a different kind - never experienced! Pretty Polly continues to wax lyrical about the innumerable pleasures of love, but Punch seems determined to engage in further conflict with Judy and reappears at the studio where Woodbridge, the interviewer, tells him to sort out the matter for himself before wheeling away on a child's scooter. Pretty Polly, disturbed by Punch's disappearance, begins to search for him, knowing that her lover has a dark side and that 'evil is a stray latitude given to boredom'. Is Punch bored of their safe compatibility? Does he find it impossible to live without the violence and aggression of his relationship with Judy? A brief spat between the couple causes Judy to think seriously about the deeper meaning behind their tempestuous relationship. She still loves him and can even tolerate the brutality, but decides that confrontation is not the way'. However, it soon transpires that Judy harbours aggressive tendencies of her own, comparing herself to a female spider that devours the male with a single 'crunch'. But it's little more than a feminist fantasy. Then Pretty Polly appears in their dressing room and Punch laments the modern portrayal of their dying art - 'they say that it's

too violent for children, what tosh that is, and they say that it's politically-incorrect, nonsense, blather and nonsense' - and begins to stress the difference between his 'immemorial' role as Punch and the comparatively more ordinary existence of the common wife-beater: 'I release the primal urges. when I say throw the baby out of the booth, every father in sight smiles inside his own heart'. This, of course, is the darker - and necessary - side of human nature that the liberal establishment wants hidden, simply because it doesn't accord with their blinkered, utopian humanism. And this is the penultimate scene in the film. Bowden's acting is superb here, because essentially he's being himself: 'My life is the audience, they're the other side of me, they're the other character. When I'm beating you I'm beating them. The world needs Punch. The world needs a man who represents cardinal force and glory...' Punch falls to the floor in total exhaustion, as Judy and Pretty Polly look on. In the final scene, Punch emerges from beside a green curtain and introduces himself, speaking for the first time in that unmistakably shrill voice and proceeding to act out the entire performance single-handedly. Leaping from side to side like a demented lunatic, actions and voices combine in a macabre display of tradition, sarcasm, wickedness and cruelty. Punch is doing what he does best and, after an exhilarating twenty minutes, takes his bow. The finale is a brief discourse about the nature of evil, something which has occupied the minds of thinkers and philosophers for centuries. Bowden's view, on the other hand, is that demonic energy should be 'beaten out' and that these primal forces can become a moral good. And lest you disagree with this analysis, even the sensuous dancer at the end is there to evoke man's deepest desires and only a eunuch would fail to be moved. To conclude, then, this is a fabulous film and I thoroughly enjoyed it. It has a strong cast, a good director and, ultimately, a very powerful message.

CD REVIEW

'Torture' by Generic [FS0208CD]

Available from Fractured Spaces Records, 5 Serjeants Green, Neath Hill, Milton Keynes MK14 6HA, Buckinghamshire, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

WHEN Simon Marshall-Jones offered to send me a batch of CDs released by his independent label, Fractured Spaces Records, I was both grateful and rather curious to see what kind of material he was putting out. I was aware of the label and had read about some of the acts in the FSR stable, so to speak, but

up until that point I hadn't actually heard them for myself. Strangely enough, the man behind the Generic project - Adam Sykes, another Englishman - is the former dynamo behind the Iris Light label, which featured well-known Industrial, Noise and Experimental acts like Front 242, Aube and Band of Pain. He is also a member of Ritual Summertime, who I have yet to become acquainted with. 'Torture', the second release under the FSR moniker, is a four-panel digipack and the red-brown cover is adorned with the Generic logo alongside a crucified man being savaged by wild animals. The first of six similarly-titled tracks, 'Torture Garden I', begins as a gentle drone that rises and falls like a narcoleptic eyelid. After three minutes the ambience darkens considerably and the droning becomes heavier, eventually joined by a sinister rumbling and infectious-rhythmic beat. This track would sound fantastic in a live setting, it's squealing and sawing effects sounding like a mad carpenter in a trolley factory. Next comes 'Torture Garden III' which, as you can probably tell, indicates that the tracks do not follow one another sequentially. Here we have a constant crashing and metallic rattling, drones building up in the background like the sound of a distant air-raid. Ghostly frequencies pop in and out like ectoplasmic gauze. 'Torture Garden IV' has a rather haunted feel to it, too, arriving like a crowd of humming spirits that delve into your eardrums like a burglar's paw. The constant hammering is there again, right alongside the occasionally rendered burst of Gregorian chant and a soft psychedelic chiming. I'm liking this very much indeed. 'Torture Garden V', the longest track on the album, starts erratically, bumping and grinding its way through a complex percussive beat that is repetitiously epileptic. Like the previous tracks, you get the impression that whatever is going on in the foreground is there to serve whatever is lurking in the distance and it has an inexplicable industriousness that suggests a nefarious dissemination of pain for a cause yet unknown. As we pass the 7-minute mark the atmosphere is heightened by an electronic crackling and everything is blended together very beautifully, I must say. The constant ticking of 'Torture Garden VI', coupled with light waves of aural disturbance, is suddenly brushed aside by a loud thumping. The radiophonic effects increase dramatically, fuelling your senses like caffeine to a palpitating heart. And it all ends with a scream. 'Torture Garden II' is comparatively mellow and you begin to wonder if things will stay that way. But they do and the light tapping and warm tones on offer would soothe the perennial cries of an

Eraserhead baby. There is a real finesse to this album and Adam Sykes has demonstrated that he has a flair for ambient music that engenders a sense of growing concern and then takes the resultant anxiety and smoothes it all over with a great finale. A quite brilliant album. For more information: <http://www.irislight.demon.co.uk>

CD REVIEW

**'All that Was Missing We Never Had In The World' by Bleeding Heart Narrative [CSR109CD]
Available from Cold Spring, P.O. Box 40,
Northants., NN6 7PT, England.
Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

THE chap behind this interesting London-based project is Oliver Barrett and this is Bleeding Heart Narrative's first album, although it was previously released in 2008 on Tartaruga Records. This reissue, however, contains a bonus track ('Blueskywards') and the Cold Spring team has done a fantastic job with the album design, too. The thick, folded card features some of the label's most exquisite artwork with images of black human silhouettes caught in the psychedelic snares of a giant, umbrella-like jellyfish, city skies reflected in mirrored skyscrapers, a hand-written account and macabre line-drawings of nature, love and longing. The jellyfish, I might add, seems to think it's the Kracken from Jules Verne's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea' and could do with a course in anger management. But then again, BHN have just released an EP called 'This Octopus Is Going To Eat Your Face', so there is a new squid on the block (Groan - Ed). There are 12 tracks on the album and the first of these, the appropriately-named 'BHN', shudders like a pair of lovers copulating against an electric fence. One shrill blast later and the track pans out into a buzzing fizz of raw energy, distant Classical strains playing away in the background like someone has plugged the London Philharmonic Orchestra into the National Grid. 'As If Yearning Was All And More Than Enough' begins immediately with a two-fingered tinkering, plodding piano and brooding cello. The effects are quite uplifting and stir the heart like a meeting with an old flame. A light tapping begins and 'Black Glass' provides us with another fluttering of the keys, but this time we hear Barrett's soft vocals and overlapping harmonies lilting above the music. I'm really enjoying this so far and the track has a sophisticated ambience all its own. The tapping becomes increasingly more rapid and the music stops. For 'Braids And A Necklace' Barrett employs the services of Benjamin Gaymer on vocals and guitar, Alistair Bailey on vocals and drums and, finally, Max Bondi on vocals and bass guitar. And it works beautifully,

the plucked strings and sweeping violins combining majestically with the cavernous bass tones. It's high quality stuff. 'Blueskywards' - the aforementioned bonus track - has a light, airy sound. A piano dances merrily amid breezy synths and layers of decorative ambience, with Barrett's vocals offering a mere handful of lyrics before the short tune ends. Music to watch clouds by. 'A Nest' is rather more experimental, its throbbing vacillations and attenuated drones affecting your mood like a semi-naked woman on an advertising hoarding. You rise above and beyond yourself, but the heavier tonal effects are there to remind you occasionally that you are hopelessly trapped in the all-encompassing body of sound. This track reminds me of some of Alex Tiuniaev's work. The words 'This Is The World Before This Is' are whispered with a quiet urgency and high-pitched tones are deployed alongside coagulated strings that sway like the old boughs of an ancient tree until the whispering is all that remains. Next up comes 'Discovering Abandoned Houses', with its acoustic melodies and the squeal of fingertips moving along metal strings, but it doesn't last long before 'Nothing Is Out In The Yard' takes us into a more dissonant phase comprised of falsetto tones, an energetic piano and Benjamin Gaymer's wavering saxophone. The radiophonic frequencies of 'Though Your Feet Have Left Footprints' herald a confused torrent of sonic rushes, sirens and electronic mood-swings. At almost nine minutes in length, this is the longest track on the album and Barrett has plenty of room for manoeuvre. On 'Finding The Door' his sustained vocal notes soar across the piano and strings like a Buddhist mantra and this is possibly my favourite track on the album. Finally, 'Lillian Gish' - which sees the return of Gaymer, Bailey and Bondi on vocals - is centred around the American actress and non-interventionist of the same name, known especially for her roles in 'Birth Of A Nation' (1915) and 'Night Of The Hunter' (1955). After several minutes of experimental music, a guitar jangles, a drumbeat begins and the vocal contributions - albeit far too soulful for my liking - force themselves on you through constant repetition. Nevertheless, a wonderful release on the whole and something you'll return to whenever you need to create the perfect atmosphere. For more news about Bleeding Heart Narrative and their music, please visit: <http://www.myspace.com/bleedingheartnarrative>

CD REVIEW

'Nigredo' by Ouroboros [self-released]
Available from mannequin3@virgilio.it
Reviewed by Troy Southgate

LIMITED to just 77 copies, this Italian EP from

Marco Grosso's esoteric-centred Ouroboros project is based on the Alchemical concept of Nigredo or 'blackness'. Nigredo itself can relate to decay and decomposition and was explored by C.G. Jung in relation to the state of utter despair and disillusionment that must be endured in the quest for individuation. In a more scientific, as opposed to psychological sense, Nigredo is a chemical process that is followed by the stages of Albedo (whiteness), Citrinitas (yellowness) and Rubedo (redness) on the path towards attaining the Philosopher's Stone. There are four tracks on this pink-strewn CDr release and, whilst Grosso performs vocals and keyboards, Claudio Dondo chimes in with a few of his own keyboard contributions. 'Nigredo' opens with a busy church organ and faint whispers, its rumbling percussion and tolling bell sloping off into the distance like two eloping lovers. The atmosphere builds nicely and there are some tasty psychedelic effects, including a slight lull on the four-minute mark that marks the onset of a more shrill keyboard sound combined with various drones. A beautiful, encapsulating track. 'Nosce Te Ipsum' sees the drones appear in the foreground with clattering drums and taps stuttering through the ambience like the Emperor Claudius at a Jean-Michel Jarre concert. The indomitable edifice of sound is pretty sustained, penetrated occasionally by swirling beeps of radiophonic interference, cymbals and alarm bells. 'Terribilis Est Locus Iste' revives the psychedelic effects amid deep, distorted vocals and woeful tones. This track has a very early-70s sound and seems highly influenced by the Prog and Krautrock genres. For me it's the best track. Finally, the mournful imagery conjured up by 'Hermephroditus' is heightened by a chanted litany and lengthy tones that churn like the contents of a bulimic's gut. The complexity is unrelenting and layer upon layer wash over you in a glorious torrent. An excellent release and well worth tracking down. For more information about Ouroboros: <http://www.myspace.com/invisibleeyeproductions>

CD REVIEW

'Molested Into Form' by Kadaver [FS0508CD]
Available from Fractured Spaces Records, 5
Serjeants Green, Neath Hill, Milton Keynes
MK14 6HA, Buckinghamshire, England.
Reviewed by Troy Southgate

WITH its brilliantly evocative title, this album seems impossible to resist. Kadaver is the brain-child of one Michael Zolotov, an Israeli musician who - since 2005 - has already issued a whole spate of adventurous releases on labels such as Void Rekordz, Red Bootkeh, T'an! Kaven!! Ash!!!, AssassinMonk, Nervous Nurse, Hypermodern, Topheth Prophet and SkullLine.

Zolotov's personal motto is "I am the razorblade inside your panties and the blood dripping down your legs" ... obviously a very friendly chap, then! The pile of skulls on the front cover is simply a visual preamble to the horrors that lie within and a three-panel spread - complete with graphic images of dead bodies, cerebral exposure, mass genocide, crematoria and nuclear warfare - give you an even better indication of the things that tend to haunt the hallways of Zolotov's tortured soul. A Catholic hymn greets 'Black Death Return To Me' before the brutality kicks you in the teeth like a skinhead wearing Elton John's giant boots. This is a twisted cacophony of absolute chaos that turns your ears to mush and makes you consider why on earth you thought the most extreme Noise acts were based in Japan. It's quite unlike anything you've ever heard before and you need a steady nerve to see it right through to the end. 'Embracing the Tomb Stones' is another frenetic belter, with enough distorted frequencies and scream-laden feedback to give Masami Akita nightmares for the rest of his days. 'Golden Shower Roulette' hisses forth like a stream of urine, its continuous spirals of utter devastation bouncing off the walls of your mind like a cat on a hot tin roof. Despite being little more than a minute in length, you may be forgiven for thinking that 'Dry Sperm On The Wooden Caskets' sounds like a man sandpapering a warthog to death. Just you see if I'm wrong. 'Force Fed On Human Brains' is sharper and more defined, at least compared to its predecessors. The track is a lot slower and therefore it's easier to pick out the macabre voice sample and the dissonant tones that gulp and churn their way through the aural carnage. Another brief pause for breath and we're up to our ears and 'Drowning In Pus'. It squeaks like the brakes on a rotemaster bus, with electric bubbles rising to the surface and then popping like exploding spheres of infected oxygen. And then 'Project Suicide Part 1 (One Bullet, One Gun)' fires harsh metallic shards like a plaque-ridden pensioner spitting out a mouthful of rotten teeth. Just when you thought you were beginning to cope. Eight tracks in and 'Heart Shaped Torture' combines a watery prologue with female screams of agony. Or pleasure, perhaps, there is always a thin line between these things or so I've been told. Meanwhile, the background sounds like the funfair from hell where the roller coaster operator never lets you off. Frantic coughing, the aftermath of an experience that probably won't be forgotten in some time, brings the track to a close. 'Project Suicide Part 2 (One Life, Now Gone)' is crammed full of tinkering chimes that impersonate strangulated

seagulls. A few garbled space-age effects shape the high-pitched drones into something that sounds like a group of schoolchildren fiddling with the buttons on the control deck of the Starship Enterprise. The final track, 'Facilities Of Death/Nekromantik' (the second half of which is based Jorg Buttgerit's 1987 film of the same name), passes overhead like a menacing swarm of killer bees and then morphs into something far more sinister after four minutes. The voice samples are indistinguishable, the fury is unquenchable and the listening experience always challenging. Things begin to subside after six minutes and then, after seven and a half, a grumbling reverberation totters along like a motorised wheelchair down a cobbled street and things grind to a halt. A real Zolotov cocktail. For more information: <http://www.kadaver.net.tf>

CD REVIEW

'Sensitive Disturbance' by Sistrenatus [CSR108CD]

Available from Cold Spring, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

TO say that I enjoyed the first two Sistrenatus albums - 'Division One' (2007) and 'Wrought Iron Railings' (2007) - would be an understatement and I gave them very favourable reviews elsewhere. Scratch the surface of the Sistrenatus project and you will find Canada's Harlow MacFarlane who, between 1996 and 2006, issued a sequence of great releases under the name Funerary Call. In fact I recently collaborated with MacFarlane myself and will appear on the next Funerary Call album, something that will mark the well-overdue return of his original undertaking. Like its counterparts, the artwork on this new Sistrenatus CD is dark and gloomy, with infra-brown hues that offer a mere glimpse into the twilight world of factories and furnaces that make up MacFarlane's obsession with all things industrial. These images are juxtaposed with skeletal branches and darkened woodlands that indicate the transient border that lies between nature and civilisation. The first of seven tracks on this album, 'Disrepair', less than one minute in length, serves to blow away the proverbial cobwebs like a new broom and then off we go into the comparatively louder realms of 'Frequency Contamination'. It arrives with a thud and the sound of a tingling fire alarm, the background full of clumsy metallic clattering as though a man with no fingers was attempting to slice a joint of roast beef in record time. There's plenty going on here and the imagination is left to conjure up lurid images of various ghastly goings-on at long-

forgotten shipyards in undisclosed locations. 'Rusted Earth' starts off with a muffled voice sample and a legion of watery effects drip away like molten torrents of liquid steel. There is a sense of immense power in this track, as the semi-percussive beat evolves into a wild blend of disjointed hammering, remorseless drones and electronic squeals. 'Echoes From The Past' approaches slowly, like a funeral march on the plains of Waterloo, its steady drumbeat assailed on all sides by mumbled groans, bursts of feedback and the purring of machinery. Another voice sample, clearer this time, describes the graphic horrors of warfare and the calculated disdain for human life. The next track, 'Slow-Wave', hums with a brutal energy and offers more samples - indistinguishable at first - which are soon buried under piles of screeching electric rubble before they are replaced by 'Lost Transmission'. This is by far the longest track on the album and it clicks, stutters and elbows its way into the recesses of your brain. Four minutes in and things begin to assume some kind of pattern and it stops and starts occasionally as the industrial noise is replaced by a calm ambience. The second half of the track is fairly restrained, although we are treated to twenty seconds of harshness towards the end. 'Forgotten' emerges from its dusty tomb in a lilting fashion, the light chiming adding a pleasant gloss to the tonal clangs and grumpy drones that dominate the foreground. The rasping, croaking frequencies sound like someone trying to drink a glass of water and cutting their own throat at the same time, which adds a darker tinge to what is essentially a rather thoughtful and melancholic ending. Another great album from Harlow MacFarlane. For more details, please visit: <http://sistrenatus.com/>

CD REVIEW

'Sigillum Solis' by Ouroboros [self-released]

Available from mannequin3@virgilio.it

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

THIS mini-album contains just two tracks, although each of them amount to just over twenty-eight minutes in length. The cream-coloured CD insert depicts a flaming menorah variant infused with symbolism, whilst other pictures feature a solar disk seated amongst beautiful ocean petals and an Alchemical lion swallowing the sun itself. Marco Grosso provides the sounds and vocals, but he is joined on 'Tetrakis' by Soreth Isis, who also featured on another Ouroboros release called 'Lumen Et Umbra'. The first of these two tracks, 'Sanctuarium', appears before you like a thick wall of sound; the occasional rattling is melded with barking vocals that are caught halfway

between the realms of the human and that of the canine. The rattling becomes more active, joined by gentle waves of Industrial droning. After seven minutes or so, the volume increases, the sound becoming sharper and more defined. Two minutes later it subsides, a watery ambience dripping over you like a tinkering chandelier in a soft breeze. After fifteen minutes everything stops, apart from a lonely chime, but a couple of minutes later sheets of fresh ambience pass by like the blades of a giant windmill. The peaks and troughs continue, joined towards the end by semi-choral passages that open and close like fragile petals responding to the sunlight. 'Tetrakis' kicks off with a sound like the huge gong used at the start of a Rank Films production, as various other effects jostle for attention and leave you wondering precisely in which direction this track will be heading. There is no rhyme or reason to it all. It's a stream of aural consciousness that grows and develops in a piecemeal fashion, before Soreth Isis' deep litanies take things on to a new level. But there is nothing disorganised or haphazard about this track and, whilst the structure is kept deliberately loose and fragmented, you always get the impression that things are completely under control and that it is being skilfully directed by Grosso's manipulative talent. A female vocal sample is thrown into the mix until the 14-minute mark, when, in typically eclectic fashion, the knobs are twiddled and things step up a gear or two. The lonely chime from the previous track returns, overlaid with droning breaths and bass rumblings. The most remarkable thing about this track is the length of time that it takes to fade away. It sounds like a gradual drift into the welcoming arms of death, but the process is never hurried and the increasing absence of sound lulls you to the end like someone drifting in and out of sleep whilst listening to the passing strains of a Lancaster bomber overhead. Always ominous, but nonetheless reassuring. If you would like further information about Ouroboros, please visit the following website:

<http://www.myspace.com/invisibleeyeproductions>

CD REVIEW

'My Horns Are A Flame To Draw Down The Truth' by TenHornedBeast [CSR106CD]

Available from Cold Spring, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

IT'S good to see another release from the prolific Christopher Walton (formerly of Endura) and I previously reviewed his 'Ten Stars - Ten Horns' (self-released, 2004) and 'Woe To You, O Earth And Sea' (Nothingness Records, 2005) albums elsewhere. I also gave the thumbs-up

to 'The Sacred Truth' (Cold Spring, 2007) album, in relation to which this present release is described in the sleeve notes as a 'continuation of the mission'. The artwork on Walton's last two CDs is very similar. The cover of 'The Sacred Truth' shows him dressed in a black hooded gown and raising a horned stag's skull to the heavens, above which hovers a ten-pointed star. The imagery on 'My Horns Are A Flame To Draw Down The Truth' is almost identical, apart from the fact that Walton is now shown holding the skull at head-height, indicating that a ritualistic descent of some kind has indeed been achieved. Inside the digipak itself we find one Sigil rune and two inverted Tyr runes, which may have something to do with death and rebirth. Or, perhaps, that Walton's solo project rose out of the ashes of his two collaborations with Stephen Pennick. The first of five tracks, 'Ruins Son', crashes onto the scene like a slow gong, its wavering surfaces throwing out a sound that gradually falls away into the Chthonic ether. Between these aural peaks there is a continuous throbbing, joined later on by waves of choral ambience that seem to contain the cacophonous howling of a hellish abyss. After five and a half minutes the noise levels increase in line with the overall tension, eventually becoming a screaming wall of power that finally moves aside for 'Black Walls Rising / Black Stars Falling'. Here we embark upon a gentle, atmospheric incline, although its welcoming arms soon tie you in as many knots as a Turkish masseur and feeds your mind with its harsh tones. 'My Horns Are A Flame To Draw Down The Truth', the title track, is not quite so welcoming and makes clear its wicked statement of intent right from the very beginning as a droning guitar sets down a machine-like pulse like a palpitating android on a treadmill. Again, the listener can detect the agonising throes of an underlying anguish that seems drawn from the deepest recesses of perdition. 'The Sword Was Our Pope' combines faint Gregorian strains with thumping oil drums, and harsh tonal bars that are stretched out like a tin man on an inquisitor's rack. The ambience is brilliant, some of it resembling a suspenseful film soundtrack in which several layers are allowed to run concurrently. 'Fenris-Wolf', an apocalyptic theme that always makes for a great climax, rasps out like guitar feedback at a Rock concert. This is where Walton slips off the mask and returns to his Metal roots, his penchant for Southern Lord resulting in doom-drone swathes of distorted riffs that sound like a slow-motion jamming session. It has a beautifully dark edge to it, too, the haunting passages of sound continuous

and unrelenting. The chains are off and the Wolf is on the prowl. For more information, visit: <http://www.myspace.com/tenhornedbeast>

CD REVIEW

**'Ex Machina Libertas' by Diskrepant [FS0408CD]
Available from Fractured Spaces Records, 5
Serjeants Green, Neath Hill, Milton Keynes
MK14 6HA, Buckinghamshire, England.**

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

THIS release contains some very impressive artwork and the cover is an odd graphic fusion in which something resembling an iconic frame is used as a transparent vehicle for the ethereal imagery that is attractively positioned between the silver rectangular lines, spherical circuitry and equilateral crosses. Other images remind me of those old Spirograph sets that were kicking around in the early-1970s, but we won't go into that! The man behind Diskrepant is a certain Per Åhlund, a Swedish artist who is known for two previous releases on the popular Fin de Siècle Media label; most notably the 'Folie À Deux' EP (2003), '33-12' (2004) and 'Into Sleep' (2007). Elsewhere, Åhlund has also released an album under the name Child Patrol, entitled 'Come Now Little Ones' (2005). The theme of the present work is centred around the coming-together of flesh and machine, a topic pursued elsewhere by the likes of Kraftwerk and Tubeway Army. The opening salvo, 'Post Homo Habilis' - a reference to what many scientists consider to have been the first human - drifts in like a radioactive breeze. Crows screech, waves crash and a dense wall of sound is pierced with a high-pitched tone. The thunderous rolling sounds like an endless stream of coal trucks making their way down the thirty-degree slope of a mine shaft and into the subterranean depths below. This is accompanied by more creaks and taps than a Victorian washroom. 'Unhappy Valley', which runs to over eighteen minutes in length, constructs another solid wall of thick ambience, its impenetrable surfaces scuffed by metallic rustles and a throbbing hum. Further industrial effects provide a stereophonic Samadhi: the gentle shunting of carriages, doors that open and slam, slow groans and sharp grunts that sound like a slumbering beast with sore testicles and machines that rise and descend more times than a whore's drawers. Moving on to 'Flesh And Synthetics', a hard-working little track which begins with a hollow ringing that blossoms into a cornucopia of percussive rattles and throttled frequencies, the atmosphere really sustains the listener's attention until you find yourself becoming completely absorbed into the mix.

'Partenogenesis', which - with its slight spelling variation - relates to the development of an unfertilised egg without the intervention of a male, oscillates like a blob of raspberry jelly in an earthquake. Faint whispers, occasional beeps, distorted croaks and an erratic rhythm all make for an unholy cafuffle. Finally, the title track, 'Ex Machina Libertas', suggests that the reproductive process is complete and now something wicked this way comes. This is easily the best track on the album and its range of deep tonal scales leads us towards a lurching monstrosity of tingling chimes and a wild aural eclecticism that sounds like Frank Spencer playing hopscotch in a furniture shop. But then we emerge into a new dawn of beautiful ambience and mellow sound-scapes, disturbed only by the razor-sharp tones and whatever baleful colossus Åhlund has unleashed upon the world. A great album and very highly recommended. Website: <http://www.myspace.com/diskrepant>

CD REVIEW

'Burning Sigils' by Osman Arabi [FS0308CD]
Available from Fractured Spaces Records, 5 Serjeants Green, Neath Hill, Milton Keynes MK14 6HA, Buckinghamshire, England.
Reviewed by Troy Southgate

OSMAN Arabi does most of the mastering for the albums released on the Fractured Space Records label and I was very keen to see what his own compositions would sound like. Arabi himself is a Lebanese artist who has an interest in various apocalyptic themes. Given the colourful history of his bomb-addled homeland, this is hardly surprising, although I was recently glad to see the Israeli Army get some of its own medicine for a change. But Arabi has said elsewhere that he is not particularly enamoured with Middle Eastern culture, but then the Lebanese as a whole - or at least those Francophiles who do not follow Islam - tend to differentiate themselves from Arabs. In fact he grew up on a diet of Death Metal and Doom, before going on to form his own Cthulhic Dawn Productions label and release a whole plethora of CDs, cassettes and mp3 files under the pseudonym Xardas. 'Burning Sigils', on the other hand, is the first release under his own name and the artwork on the CD suggests an inextricable association between the sand-strewn deserts and blue skies of his immediate environment. This imagery is accentuated by the Alpha-Omega symbolism that adorns the cover. 'Burning Sigils' amounts to a single 38-minute track and combines swathes of dark ambience with crashing cymbals, swirling chimes and bombastic Arabian drumming. The effects are brilliant, even hypnotic, the steady

beat allowing for occasional changes in the musical foreground. Dissonant brass tones ring out like a drunken trumpeter at a Roman orgy, as the percussive effects clatter and boom like a ferocious catfight in a back alley. Elsewhere, lengthy electric drones seep through the driving rhythm and create a reflective mysticism that allows you to float away on thick coils of smoke from the glass environs of a Bedouin hookah. Crash Worship meets the Arabian Nights. The shrill trumpeting returns with a vengeance amid a whirling throng of ambience before a final light surge brings this stunning album to an end. This is without doubt one of the very best releases I've heard this year. Check out the details at: <http://www.osmanarabi.com/>

CD REVIEW

'Pigdaddy' by Sutcliffe Jugend [CSR92CD]
Available from Cold Spring, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.
Reviewed by Troy Southgate

AFTER reviewing Sutcliffe Jugend's 'We Spit On Their Graves' (1997) and the group's more recent split with Satori, 'Japan Tour 2007' (2007), I was naturally eager to see what brutal delights this latest release would offer. Kevin Tomkins and Paul Taylor, who started out in Whitehouse back in 1982, are rightly perceived by many as being the true patriarchs of power electronics. Tomkins artwork - depicting the 'disgusting fucked-up filth bile that is Pigdaddy' - glares out from the cover like the bastard love-child of J.R.R. Tolkien's Golem and Tony Hart's Morph. It's a shaven-headed mass of pink blubber that looks like a plasticene Telly Savalas snagging his testicles on a thorn bush. The admirable thing about Sutcliffe Jugend is that they are not afraid to tackle some of the worst excesses of human nature, including controversial matters such as serial killing and paedophilia. And unlike the liberals and do-gooders of this world, they do not believe that everyone is either redeemable or worth redeeming in the first place. The opening track, 'Insult', is full of deep booms and nasty squeals. The vocals are characteristically aggressive and, combined with the deep-bass tones, harbour a deliciously retro dimension that reminds me somewhat of Throbbing Gristle's 'Very Friendly'. It's certainly as hostile and provocative as far as the sentiments are concerned. As the track slows down like a diseased heart, a few percussive effects enter the frame before making way for 'Defacer'. A bombastic humming and murderously seductive vocals skim across the wailing frequencies like vitriolic pebbles over a radioactive sea. The results are brilliant. Pure

hatred is half-sung, half-yelled in a ferocious torrent of rancorous venom. 'Pigdaddy' begins as a garbled sludge of deadly threats and aural vicissitude. The track lacks the semi-coherent rhythms of the former and is a rambling mess of generated noise and distortion: 'Who's the dadddyyyy? Who's the fuckin' Pigdaddy?!' The lyrics are a brutal litany of spite and sarcasm, sexual innuendo and scorn. Forget Derek & Clive 'Get the Horn', this is Kev & Paul 'Get the Whore'. The next track, 'Filth' - yes, there's more! - is a stuttering cacophony of unmelodious disfigurement that stabs at the flab-strewn streets of contemporary society with vengeance and wrath. Nothing is sacred in the world of SJ and between crowded chants and twisted anger your ears drown in a tangled hullabaloo. 'Dirty' rediscovers the tempo of the earlier tracks as rasping barks and electronic explosions provide a rhythmic backdrop for what sounds like a manufactured exercise in domestic chaos. And it even has a sing-a-long chorus! The final track, 'Nonce', and by far the longest, returns to the squealing commotion of before. After three-minutes of vocal energy the verbal onslaught rests for a little while before returning again like a bad smell that just won't go away. It's impossible to make out many of the lyrics here, but the vicious tone is unmistakable. After five tracks in which the loathing and abhorrence has been building up to a frenzy, it is now released like a fountain of bloody semen. Things settle down just before the eight-minute mark and the final three minutes quiver and shake like an electrocuted cadaver. This is a very powerful album and you'll be left wondering why Messrs. Tompkins and Taylor aren't occupying the inside of a padded cell. For more info:

<http://www.sutcliffejugend.com>

CD REVIEW

'Strena Seu de Nive Sexangular' by Keplers Odd [FS0108CD]

Available from Fractured Spaces Records, 5 Serjeants Green, Neath Hill, Milton Keynes MK14 6HA, Buckinghamshire, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

THE title of this release translates as 'A New Year's Gift of Hexagonal Snow', conjuring up images of snowflakes caught beneath a microscopic lens and laid bare in all their decorative glory. The cover depicts woodland trails and deciduous treetops, where lines of tall birch trees stand like white sentinels. On the back is a log cabin, looking isolated, neglected and possibly long vacated. Unsurprisingly, perhaps, and given the bleak Scandinavian photography, Keplers Odd are a Swedish trio comprised of Kristina Persson,

Magnus Moilala and Daniel Jansson. The latter is known especially for his Deadwood project on the Cold Spring label and previous Keplers Odd releases include 2007's 'GRO J1655-40' (Desolation House), 2008's 'Corrosion Control' (PAS-83 Productions) and a smattering of appearances on various compilations. The names of the tracks on this current release have been curiously decimalised and the first, '070422.3', starts out with the gentle plucking of an acoustic guitar. The atmosphere is decidedly minimalist, its characteristic austerity punctuated by a long, drawn-out resonance and deep growls of chthonic reverberation. '070603.1' is an exercise in ambient psychedelia. Strings are plucked aimlessly, sonic tidal waves approach at will and a gale-force wind rattles the draughty corridors of the soul. A sustained tonal discharge continues into '071007.1' and the unmelodious racket on offer here sounds like a handful of ball-bearings bouncing off the sides of a cement mixer during a bombing raid. The musical skies have clouded over and things have become significantly darker, with the ominous electronic pulp dissing your eardrums like an impertinent child. This soon makes way for '070224.4', a journey through the inaudible innards of a metallic hell, as an insistent jarring is pushed aside now and then to make for a frenetic gaggle of competing sound-waves. It's Torvill and Dean skating on cerebral tissue, fingernails being dragged down the sensitive blackboard of your mind, thousands of toy robots tumbling off a cliff-edge like mechanical lemmings and crashing onto the rocks below. The thick layers of '070603.2' create an awe-inspiring titan of industrial wailing, its tough exterior battered by power-driven stabs of demonic feedback and the never-ending, effervescent drone. '070518.3' is even meaner. Heavy guitars churn their way through a veritable Doomfeast of Sabbathesque riffs, mind-bending squeals and tortured howls. Almost like Maniac performing with TenHornedBeast in a busy steelworks. But the penultimate slice of extremity, '070415.2-3', drifts along like a clipper ship making it through a storm and out into calmer seas, the gentle acoustic guitar that began the album returning in a slightly more animated vein. Three and a half minutes into the track, however, the air of tranquillity disappears and the musical waters become a swirling maelstrom once again. The guitar lingers on the periphery, plodding along like a wet dog enduring a heavy rainstorm, but despite being almost completely overwhelmed by the fury in its midst, by the time we reach the end the melodic twang is all that remains. For more information about Keplers Odd, please visit the following website: <http://www.myspace.com/keplersodd>

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